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instance, it has been concisely and felicitously performed. But the one transcendent evidence, on which Mr. Clark, of course, places chief reliance, is the simple fact of our Saviour's forsaken sepulchre. The "Recognition of Friends" he has treated with all the affluence of analogical and scriptural reasoning of which it admits, and, at the same time, with a tenderness and unction which, with very many of the grief-stricken, will be immeasurably more persuasive than the strongest array of argument. The remaining essays are on various literal and metaphorical traits in the scriptural representations of heaven. They all breathe a spirit in sacred harmony with their theme. They indicate in their author a Christian whose spiritual life has been nourished by the beatitudes and the promises, and whose chosen work it is, not to drive, but to win, men to goodness and piety. They are adapted at once to attract, and to lead to deeper religious convictions, the merely æsthetic reader of well written books, to enlarge and exalt the legitimate scope of a sanctified imagination for the truly devout, and, especially, to discharge the gentlest, holiest ministries of consolation for the desolate, the bereaved, and those passing under the death-shadow. The book is printed and illustrated in the style of the *gift books* of the year, but has no more in its form than in its subject to render it obsolete with the year's wane; and we trust, that, for many years to come, it will continue to diffuse comfort, gladness, and hope among those to whom it is the Christian minister's privilege to "cry peace," and may help to guide more than one generation to the realization of those "Scriptural Emblems" which it has so lucidly and impressively expounded.

2. *Essays and Tales in Prose.* By BARRY CORNWALL. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE think it would have been quite as well for the fame of Mr. Procter, if a considerable portion of these two pretty volumes had never been printed. Many of the "Tales" are as commonplace, and as destitute of life and invention, as the second-rate stories of second-rate magazines. We are sorry to say this, for we have a kind remembrance of the songs and dramatic sketches of the author, and dislike, as much as any one, to have our preconceptions disappointed. But, though a portion of these miscellanies are of so ordinary a stamp, there are good things among them. The writer is a sensible and genial critic, and a still better poet, in that sphere of poetry—the lyric—which he has

most cultivated. The best article in these volumes is the essay on Shakspeare. Though not equal, in our estimation, to the criticisms of De Quincey or Lord Jeffrey, it is written with a quiet and thoughtful spirit, and is evidently a result of independent thought, deep feeling, and thorough sympathy.

We cannot do a more friendly office for the author or his book than to quote a passage or two. We select what he says of "Othello."

"In Othello, on the other hand," (he is contrasting this play with Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear,) "there are seven characters completely and thoroughly distinguished. There are Brabantio, (the model of Priuli,) Cassio, Roderigo, Iago, Emilia, Desdemona, 'the gentle lady married to the Moor,' and finally, Othello, the Moor, himself; and to these must be superadded the most absorbing human interest, remarkable variety in the characters, and the most compact and natural story of any within the compass of the English drama. Shakspeare has drawn the Moor with great magnanimity. He has disdained the ordinary notes of preparation, and has gone at once to the main purpose of the play. At first view, nothing appears more unskilful and hopeless than to attempt to extract great interest from Othello. The qualities of the Moor seem precisely those which are opposed to the results which are afterwards so clearly derived from them. What is to be done with a man of extreme simplicity? — one who is brave, honest, tranquil, generous, confiding, free from jealousy, ('not easily jealous,') and little else? — one whose perilous paths and romantic adventures are already traversed? The period of his wooing (always a great refuge for the dramatist) is over, and he comes quietly before us, without any obvious impediment in his way, from which we can foresee a tragic result. He has been moderate in his attachment; and his love, crowned with success, is a principle, rather than a sentiment. It is a manifestation of his opinion, the assent of his mind to the high deserts of his bride, and not a humor, the quality of which is determined by the ebb or flow of his blood. He loved Desdemona, not for her beauty, but for her gentleness, her pity, her virtues. She felt compassion for his toils and dangers; and he 'loved her *that she did pity them*.' His love, accordingly, is not like common love, which is a wilful passion, subject to all 'the skiey influences,' but is a tranquil, contented affection. Apparently, it is quite secure; sheltered, by his own nature and her truth, from all accidents. But wait! there is still one point from which it is assailable, and there Shakspeare, in his penetration, has struck. He sees the seeds of trouble in Othello; the 'color burned upon him.' He sees that his tranquillity arises not from temperament, but education. He has been transplanted into the camp, and tamed, ever since he was seven years' old —

('Since these arms of mine had seven years' pith.')

by the habits of military obedience. But he is still the son of a burning soil. The Moor, indeed, is a person of great energy; not showing itself in impetuous sallies, but in the grave and decisive conduct of a man accustomed to command. It is only when he quits this character, and loses all self-control, that

his African blood boils over and consumes him. It is then that his passions rise up in rebellion against him. He has lost, as he imagines, not a phantasm, conceived in imagination, or a dream, but a wife unequalled, on whom his soul was set, and whom his deliberate judgment entirely approved. His admiration was not a fancy, but a conviction, resting upon the intrinsic worth of her he loved. All, therefore, — affection, judgment, the grave opinion of a cautious mind, the hopes and habits of a life now settled down into happiness, — are torn up by the roots, and upset. We behold his mind utterly wrecked; and the spirit, which fretfulness and impatience never weakened, now rages without check, and uncontrollable.

“ One of the characteristic marks of Othello is his language. Shakspeare forgot nothing. Othello is exhibited not only as a soldier, a tender husband, and a jealous man, but also *as a Moor*. As the drama proceeds, we see the Moorish blood running through and coloring every thing he utters, as the red dawn flows in upon and illuminates the eastern sky. His words are as Oriental as his dress — ample, picturesque, and magnificent.”